EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

VOL. XXIX. EASTON. (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1846. NO. 13.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY *Saturday Morning*, BY

George C. Graham.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

SNUFF:

OR, THE LAST PINCH OF THE GAME.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

"Take a pinch, sir?"

The querist was a hale, hearty old man, with whom time had dealt very leniently, confining his ravages to the silvering of the hair, leaving the ruddy cheeks without a furrow to betray his footsteps. We found ourself a travelling campanion with the old gentleman some years since in a stage coach and rarely have we fallen in with a more agreeable one. He was very communicative—had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes to draw upon—was a keen observer of men and things, and had experienced largely of the vicissitudes of life.

"Take a pinch sir?" and he tapped the highly burnished lid of his golden snuff-box with the peculiarly graceful touch of a vetran snuff-taker.

"Prime Macaboy—a *choice* article!"

"I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff."

"No? Well, some call it a bad habit, but I must confess a strong love for it"—and to prove the assertion the old gentleman took a bountiful pinch of the titillating dust.—"I love it, sir."

"So I perceive."

"You do not understand me, sir; my regard for it springs not merely from its ministering to my sensual gratification."

I could not repress a smile at the enthusiastic tone in which he spoke of his favorite luxury.

"You smile, sir, at the strong regard I manifest for it. What will you think sir, when I tell you that to this much abused article *I am indebted for my life?* Yes, sir, I should have been a dead man long ago had it not been for snuff—and such a death!" and he tapped his box in a most emphatic manner.

"You have good reason, then, for regarding it favorably. What was the nature of the complaint, sir?"

"Wrong again, my dear sir—never was sick in my life—do I look like an ailing man? No sir, though I owe my life to snuff," here he took a large pinch, "I am not in the least indebted to its medical properties.

"This is singular."

"Not so singular as you may suppose. But you shall hear my story and judge for yourself."

Setting down cosily in our seats (we were the only passengers, by the way,) the old gentleman, fondling the richly chased though somewhat smoothly worn box, and fortifying himself with a capacious thumb and finger full of his greatly prized macaboy, commenced his story.

"Some thirty years ago I was traveling in the upper part of Vermont, near the Canada line. It was in the early spring, and I was on horseback. Just at dusk one evning I arrived at a small cabin in an out-of-the-way place, where I concluded to stop & get something to eat, if possible, for I was sharp set, having travelled a pretty good spell that day. Well, I dismounted at the door, and taking my saddlebags on my arm, entered the house. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing I assure you. However, I asked the man of the house, a dark browed fellow with a sullen aspect, if he could furnish me with a supper. He very freely offered to give me what the house afforded, and ere long his wife, a considerable tidy looking woman, invited me to partake of her hospitality.

After I had done ample justice to her really good fare and paid my scot, which the man of the house first refused, I made preparation to continue my journey. The man advised me to remain all night, stating that the road was very lonesome, and that a patch of woods through which it run for some eight or nine miles, was infested with wolves. They were very ferocious, he told me and but a short time before had attacked a man, who owed his escape solely to the fleetness of his horse. I was perfectly welcome to remain if I chose, as he could accommodate me with a spare bed. He pressed me strongly, and painted the danger to which I should be exposed in my journey through the woods in such vivid colors, that I was more than half disposed to accept of his offer.

Stepping out of the door I found that the moon had arisen, her beams resting on a recent fall of snow made it as light as day, which served, in a great measure, to dispel the feelings of gloom which had begun to creep over me. The atmosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was somewhat in a hurry to reach the next village, I declined the urgent solicitations of the man, which were seconded by his wife, & mounting my horse, I proceeded on my way.

To tell the truth, I did not fancy the appearance of the couple. The man was mighty inquisitive about my business—no more, perhaps, than Yankees generally are—and then there was a cast to his features I did not like. Besides these, he seemed to eye my saddle-bags in a very suspicious manner, and I imagined I detected two or three glances of doubtful meaning exchanged between the man and the woman. I am not suspicious in my nature, but hang me if I could shake off an impression that the dangers to be apprehended from wolves were less than those which I had to fear by passing a night in that house. There had been a number of flying reports of travellers being made way with, in such solitary places, and this appeared to me the place of all others for such kind of work. So bidding good by to my entertainers, I put spurs to my horse, and was soon out of sight.

Well, sir, I jogged along at a midling brisk pace, the road being tolerably good, thinking more of the little cabin I had just left than the road before me. I may have wronged its inhabitants—trust I did—in allowing myself to indulge in such unfavorable surmises in regard to them. They may have been the most worthy couple that ever existed for aught I know; still I could not get the idea out of my head that they were no better than they should be, & as memory called up the many instances of lonely travellers being murdered at these stopping places imagination converted this man and woman into those heartless wretches whose trade is blood, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate that might have overtaken me had I yielded to their importunate request to tarry with them that night.

Right glad was I to be well clear of them. "Wolves—tut! "said I", "they only tried to excite my apprehension to induce me to remain with them. That story might do to frighten children with but they should have hatched up something more plausible than that to gull a man like me."

By this time I had got over the open road and was entering the woods. The path was hemmed in on either side with tall trees, spruce pine and hemlock, with no undergrowth, leaving a narrow passage.—However, the full moon threw its unbroken light along the path that stretched before me, save where an overhanging tree obstructed its rays. It was a still, calm night as I have said, & no sound broke the monotonous clatter of the hoofs of my horse as he went along on an easy trot I was settling down in a very comfortable frame of mind, indulging in those fanciful reveries natural to youth, and which the quiet and lonely scene around me was so calculated to inspire, when my attention was aroused by a faint, distant cry, coming as it seemed from the depth of the forest. I listened intently for a few minutes, and presently, a prolonged howl, still faint in the distance, followed. The attention of my horse was evidently attracted by it, for he pricked up his ears and gave a low snort.

Finding, after listening awhile, that the cry was not repeated, I gave no heed to the circumstance, presuming it to be some roaring wild creature in the woods. Presently however, the same cry was repeated and an answering cry immediately followed in another direction, each of them apparently nearer than the one that first attracted my attention. My horse now began to show evident signs of uneasiness pricking up his ears and tossing his head wildly from side to side, snorting occasionally and quickening his pace.

Again came that howl, still more distinct and this time it was repeated in different quarters, principally in my rear. Turning in my saddle, I saw, far in the road behind me what appeared to be a dark speck. At first I concluded it was the shadow of a branch of a tree; but presently I detected two or three others, which seemed to spring directly from the woods. Could they be wolves? Had the man then not deceived me in regard to their attack on a traveller? A feeling of alarm began to creep over me which was shortly painfully increased and all my doubts were removed by a fierce yell which rose in the rear as if the whole pack had opened upon me.

As those unearthly yells swelled on the night air and echoed through the forest, my poor beast shook in every limb, and a cold shudder passed through my frame. I put spur to my horse which bounded forward at the utmost stretch of his speed. Casting a hurried glance behind, the whole road seemed to be filled with the troop of demons, whose ferocious howls swelled louder and fuller every moment. To my dismay the distance between us was considerably lessened. What would I not have given at this moment to have been safely back in the cabin again! Vainly did I deplore my folly in not giving heed to the warnings I had received. As yell after yell pealed upon my ears, every moment drawing nearer and nearer horror for a while overpowed me, and I did nothing but plunge the spurs into the panting sides of my horse, madly shouting to urge him forward. The poor animal, nearly knocked up by a long day's journey, dashed on at the top of his speed, flinging the froth from his mouth, while neck and flanks were flaked with foam; and even at the tremendous rate he was going, at every fresh yell of the fiends I could feel him tremble in every limb.

"Ah, sir, that was an agonizing moment to me! Collecting my senses, I calculated the distance before me, and the possibility of outriding my pursuers. There were some four miles before me and if my jaded horse could but hold out—but that I felt would be impossible. His violent panting and his drooping head too plainly told that he was nearly used up.

I could now hear the rush of the ferocious troop behind me, and at times imagined I could feel their foul hot breath around me. What harrowing thoughts flashed through my brain! I recalled the many instances I had read of travellers similarly situated, and of the vain efforts they had made to avert their terrible fate. I tried to disengage my saddle bags, in the hope that they might for a moment check pursuit by diverting the attention of the wolves but was unable to do so. I threw my cap in the road for the same purpose, but an angry growl almost at the heels of my horse told that it had availed nothing.

I now bethought me of my pistols. Hastily cocking one I turned and deliberately fired at a large black wolf which was within a few feet of me. I kept my eyes in the direction after the discharge. Thank God the shot took effect and the nearest animal dropped in the road. In a moment the whole pack was upon him—the entire path behind me seemed piled with a stack of wolves, each one striving with more eagerness to outdo the other.

I had prepared my other pistol and waited to be sure of my shot. With a calmness I can hardly account for, I selected the foremost pursuer, and gave him the contents of the second pistol. This time, unfortunately, I was not so successful; I only wounded him, and I saw the animal limping off into the woods, beset with three or four of the troop, while the remainder came on in hot haste after me.

I thought then my moments were numbered, for although we were then nearly out of the woods, I could feel the poor beast reel and stagger under me, and every moment I was dreading his fall, in which case I knew that my fate would be sealed. A cold, clammy sweat stole over me, and a prayer involuntarily rose to my lips—for Omnipotence alone I felt could save me.

In the hour of danger, with a dreadful death staring him in the face, man instinctively turns to his Maker for relief. He even who denies the existence of a God, when brought to the fearful verge of life, involuntarily acknowledges his error—the last struggle wrings a cry for mercy from his lips!

I prayed, sir—not for rescue from the devouring beast—that I did not look for—but in the near prospect of death I asked forgiveness. With lightning like rapidity my thoughts sped through the past—every incident of my mind, the evil done and the good left undone. Busy in these reflections I forgot the perils which surrounded me, and was only called to a sense of my situation by a sharp growl at my side. Turning my head I observed an unusually large wolf snapping at my legs, while others were leaping at the haunches of my horse.

I well knew that wolves preferred the flesh of man to that of any other animal, and finding myself in this extremity—every hope of escape being cut off—feeling moreover an affection for the beast I bestrode, for he was an old family favorite, I was on the point of springing among the pack, trusting that while engaged in devouring me the poor horse would get out of harm's way. Believing, too, that my case was entirely hopeless, I made up my mind it would be as well to meet my fate at once.

I grew desperately calm. I even calculated the probable time I should live after the first attack—how long sensation would continue in my mangled limbs. In fact a kind of delirium seized upon me—my mind wandered strangely, and I have a faint recollection of looking back upon the hungry pack and giving utterance to a long "Ha! ha! ha!"—a wild laugh of derision. This was but for a moment's duration, however. At the end of that brief period, a sudden thought struck me—a faint hope dawned upon me.

A grocer in the village to which I was bound had commissioned me to purchase a couple of pounds of Scotch snuff—take a pinch, sir!—which I had done up in a bundle, in my saddle bags. With trembling hands I took out the bundle—tore open the parcel, and grasping a handful of the subtle powder, I dashed it into the face of the ferocious animal at my side. Without stoping to witness the effect of it, I turned and threw a cloud of it, by a sort of scattering fire, into the gaping mouths and glaring eyes of those in my rear! Sir, the effect was beyond my hopes—it was decisive.—You should have heard the unearthly howls that arose, as blinded and maddened with pain, the pack rushed upon one another, snapping and biting at each other in their rage! It was a sight to behold! There they were rolling over in their fury, a regular wolf fight, all too much engaged in battle to heed me. Well, sir, I kept along a piece, and then drew up my horse, who could barely stand upright. He was completely blown, and seeing that all danger was over, I dismounted and led the panting animal by the bridle, soothing him by the way, for the fearful howls and maddening yells of the infuriated wolves made him shake in every limb.

Hurrying along as fast as we were able, in the course of half an hour we reached a house in the outskirts, where I applied for admittance, which was readily granted me. First seeing my horse taken proper care of—the poor creature absolutely neighed with delight, as I led him to the stable—I detailed to the astonished residents my hair-breadth escape. They had heard the howls of the wolves, and had got their dogs ready for an attack, little dreaming a human being was exposed to such imminent peril.

Sir, if ever there existed a grateful man, I was one that night! With my whole heart could I echo the thanksgiving of the Psalmist: "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler—the snare is broken, and we are escaped." Worn out as I was with fatigue, yet little rest could I obtain.—If for a moment I lost myself, I was transported immediately to the scene in which I was so lately engaged. Again was I in the midst of the howling wolves, flying for my life, and when just on the point of falling a victim to them, I would spring up in terror, my forehead beaded in sweat, and every limb quaking with fear. I could see the hungry eyes, gleaming with that terrible greenish light, glaring at my bedside—and that horrid howl *would* ring in my ears, even after I awoke. With difficulty could I persuade myself that it was but a frightful dream—that I was indeed sheltered in safety beneath a friendly roof. It was long ere these fantasies ceased to trouble my sleeping hours.

The next morning we visited the scene of action. Signs of the conflict could be traced all around. The snow was trodden down in all directions and stained with gore, and by the side of the road we found the mangled carcasses of three of my overnight enemies, one of which was the veritable wolf, I have no doubt, that received the first charge, for his muzzle was all begrimed with snuff, and it seems the rascal had completely bitten his tongue off in his agony.

Well, sir, that adventure taught me a lesson, never to travel through such a path of woods in the night time again, and always to keep a good supply of the article which saved my life about me. Won't you take a pinch *now*, sir?" So saying the old gentleman tendered his box to me, and out of respect for the good service it had performed for him I ventured to comply with his invitation, and soon gave *sneezing* proof of my regard for his favorite MACCONOY.

RUNNING BEANS.

The prettiest way for a man who cultivates but little land, to raise his own dry beans, for next winter's use, is—not to plant the bush kinds by themselves, for this will require too much land, as the product is small—but to raise white pole beans. The common case-knife beans are excellent for the purpose.

Strike out a dozen or more circles on the ground as large as a cart-wheel. Put a wheelbarrow load of manure into it; and spade it up with the earth. Drop the seed in the circle, on the outer edge of the hill say six inches apart. Then insert eight or ten poles just within the circle, at equal distances from each other and tie the tops of the whole together—forming a cone.—Cover up the seed, and await the result.

Each of these hills will yield you a peck or half-bushel of dry beans next fall; which if you have but a dozen such hills, will give you, perhaps half a dozen bushels. This will be enough for your purposes. By this course, but a little land is occupied. Pole beans will yield very more abundantly then bush beans, and occupy air, whilst the latter must have the surface of the earth.

GRAFTING YOUNG TREES.

Some orchadists have much improved their fruit by the process of grafting choice varieties upon their native stock. This is no doubt, a very judicious method in some cases, and available much sooner than the ordinary way of transplanting young trees. But it is now generally believed that the life of a tree is much shortened by this process, and the premature decay is in proportion to the size and age of the tree when grafted. But, as it is well known that seedlings will not bear the same kind of fruit as the apples from which they were taken, much difficulty and disappointment is experienced in obtaining trees to set in permanent locations which will bear the proper kind of fruit. This complaint is now nearly obviated, as most nurserymen have adopted the practice of grafting young trees while in the nursery, and when not more than half an inch in diameter at the base. In this way, no injury is supposed to be sustained by the trees. After the trees have been set out, the soil should be kept loose by putting a quantity of chip dirt or other coarse substance around them, so that the moisture and heat will penetrate to their roots.

The fashionables of France, or rather of Paris, have been extatified lately by the opening of a flower garden on a new plan in the Champs Elysees. It is called Le Jardin d'Hiver (the Winter Garden) and is a veritable Floral palace. A perpetual summer reigns under its vast glass roof, with an atmosphere as fragrant as the spicy vales of the Indies. Beautiful promenades are laid out, bordered with trees and fringed with evergreens. After threading the beautiful labyrinths of the garden you enter the saloon, carpeted with green and furnished with ottomans, where the flowers are arranged with such exqusite elegance and art as only the hands of a Parisienne can arrange these delicate creations. The court in front of the garden is always filled with the carriages of those votaries of pleasure, who come here to select from two hundred thousand plants, the most beautiful flowers with which to decorate their persons for the ball or the opera, and, as a matter of course, drawing all the dandies and idle fashionables of the capital to this enchanting retreat, so that the proprietor is likely to reap a golden harvest from his happy thought of a Winter Flower Garden.

FOREIGN NEWS.

20 DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE

Steamship Hibernia from Boston.

The news brought by the arrival of the Hibernia, we copy from the Philadelphia North American and U. S. Gazette, which enterprising journals received it by special express on Thursday evening—the former from Halifax, and the latter from Boston—ahead of the mail and in advance of all others.

The dates are to the 4th inst.

The news is of a favorable character mainly, both in its political and commercial aspect.

Sir Robert Peel's motion to go into Committee upon his new Financial Scheme, has passed in the House of Commons, by a majority of ninety-seven votes.

The American Minister, Mr. McLane, is confined to his house by severe n sposition. He was unable to attend her Majesty's levee on the 11th, but was represented by Mr. Gansevoort Melville, his Secretary of Legation.

Louis Philippe is said to be in favor of referring the Oregon dispute to the arbitration of three English and three American gentlemen, thus carrying out the idea of Mr. Winthrop of Massachusetts.

The Iron Trade was in full vigor, and the iron masters were full of orders. The trade was consequently very brisk.

Cotton up to the arrival of the Packet Ship Patrick Henry, had been depressed in price, but the news brought by her being considered of a somewhat hostile character, the prices rallied and the market became firmer.

Provisions and Flour were dull and the Money market, in consequence of the 15 millions of pound sterling locked up by the railways—was very tight.

The article of Maize or Indian Corn, was becoming very popular among the people.

The French have met with disastrous defeats in Algiers.

The packet ship Patrick Henry, which sailed with the pilot boat Romer, arrived at Liverpool in 21 days, and that no tidings of the Romer had been received up to the departure of the Hibernia, when she had been 23 days out. The packet ship St. Nicholas, which also sailed in company, with the Patrick Henry and the Romer reached Havre about the same time that the Patrick H. did, the news by the former reaching London one hour after that by latter vessel.

A great battle has been fought at the East between the English and Natives, in which the former suffered a loss of nearly 1,000 and the latter about 30,000—one of the most bloody battles on record.

The steamer Hibernia, arrived at Liverpool on the 14th, making a passage of 13 days.

The British and North American Royal Mail Company, have determined on immediately laying down another steamer, of greater power, for the conveyance of the mails between Liverpool and America.

Rumors have been current unfavorable to the health of Sir Robert Peel. These rumors caused much uneasiness, until at length an official contradiction appeared, which declared them to be unfounded—adding that he never was in better health.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert will it is said, after her accouchment, visit France. The Duke and Duchess of Nemours are to repair to London to accompany them.

In one year, ending 5th January, 1846, 229,241 quarters of wheat and wheat flour were imported into England from Canada.

Twelve men were killed near Dover recently by an explosion of gunpowder in a cave where they had taken refuge, and others terribly wounded. The men had been warned of their danger.

Accounts from Berlin state that Mr. Wheaton the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States, had left that city for London.

The political news from China, which extends to the 25th of December, is unimportant. The High imperial Commissioners Kesing had addressed a letter to Sir John Davis, H. B. M. Plenipotentiary, concerning equal toleration of the religion professed by the English, in which he says that "all Western persons be treated upon the same footing, and receive the same protection on matters of religious faith."

Free trade principles are becoming popular in France.

Subscriptions for the distressed Irish have been commenced at Calcutta.

Baron Von Bulow, Minister to the King of Prussia died at Berlin recently.

From Persia we hear, with alarm, that the cholera is raging furiously.

Naples has entered into commercial treaties with Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Sardinia. She has also removed the prohibition on the import of pins, allowing it to take place on payment of a moderate duty. Naples is very liberally disposed with regard to her tariff, and, it is said, intends to make very great modifications in them.

Preparations for War.—Whether or not we are to have war, great preparations are being made for it. The army is to be increased 10,000 men; the militia are to be in readiness for immediate training, the ordnance corps are to receive an accession of 1,500 men; the royal marines 2,500 men; and the land regiments of the line 6,000. The increase of the navy will be about 1,000 men.

England is said to have offered to arbitrate between France and the republic of Hayti in the pending dispute, and there is no doubt the offer will be accepted.

Germany.—The Grand Duke of Baden having found his Chambers intractable, has disolved them. The opposition calculate on retaining their majority.

GREAT BATTLE IN INDIA.

Thirty Three Hundred British and Native Troops Killed and Wounded—and Reported Loss of Thirty Thousand Sikhs at Moodkee and Ferozeshah.

Our advices from Bombay, since the sailing of the steamship Cambria, come down to January 17, and furnish accounts of one of the greatest battles ever fought by the British in our Indian Empire, in which we have sustained the known loss of 3,300 of our brave soldiers, including the gallant Sale, Sir J. M'Kaskill, and Major Broadfoot. When these accounts left the scene of action for Bombay, for transmission to England, there were several regiments from which returns had not been received, so that a further loss may be calculated upon.

An Extraordinary Gazette gives the official account of all the military operations in this reat struggle. The result, we are proud to say, is as glorious and decisive a victory as ever crowned the British arms, and equalled only by the field of Waterloo. Previous to laying before our readers copies of the more important despatches, we prefix the following brief outline: On the 12th, 13th and 14th of December, the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, with, at the lowest estimate, 80,000 men (of whom 20,000 or 30,000 were cavalry,) and about 150 cannon of the largest calibre moveable in the field, and exquisitely finished—an artillery immeasurably more powerful than was ever brought into the field by Wellington or Napoleon. It is only in morals that the Sikhs are ranked as barbarous.—They are a race as vigorous in body, as acute in intellect, and as skilful in all the arts they cultivate, of which war is the chief, as the generality of Europeans.

The place at which this formidable host passed the river may be about 40 or 50 miles from Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, and within a much less distance of Ferozepore, the most advanced of the British posts. Ferozepore is about 15 or 20 miles from the point at which the Sikhs crossed the river, if it is so much. The invaders having established themselves and organized their force on the British side of the Sutlej, made some slight demonstration of attacking Ferozepore in the interval between the 15th and 18th; but, upon the last named day, broke up, and taking the direct road to Delhie, proceeded in a southerly direction, as if they would mask Ferozepore, leaving it on their right. In this direction a division of 30,000 of the invaders had proceeded about 25 miles to a place called Moodkee, when, on the evening of the 18th, they were met by a part of the British army commanded by Sir Hugh Gough and the Governor General, Sir Henry Hardinge, who, as second in command took the field in person.

A fierce conflict ensued, in which the Sikhs lost the artillery attached to their division, in number 17 guns. It was in this stage of the battle that Sir Robert Sale and General M'Caskill fell. The contest proceeded languidly through the 19th and 20th, the armies on both sides being occupied with the burial of their dead, and the reorganization of their respective armies. During these two days the British commander received some reinforcements; but the invaders having fallen back upon their main body, probably 30,000 or 40,000, presented a prodigiously augmented force, when the shock of battle was renewed on the 21st, at a place called Ferozeshar, about 12 miles in retreat from Moodkee. At Ferozeshar the invaders had prepared a strongly entrenched camp, which they stood prepared to defend with 100 pieces of their field artillery and 50,000 men.

Imagination can scarcely depict the fury and the obstinacy of the two days' fight that must have preceded the capture of the invaders' camp with all its *material* and artillery and the utter dispersion of the invading army on the 22nd of December.—The most fortunate escaped to islands in the Suttlej, or perhaps to the Paunjaub bank, but the greater part were scattered in broken parties through the British territories. Their loss is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 35,000, in killed and wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded, it is to be feared, falls little short of 3,300, including 50 European officers.

ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL POLICY

The agitation which is now proceeding in favor of free trade is almost exclusively confined to the walls of Parliament.

The safety of the measure is insured; and our transatlantic readers, engaged in commerce with England, may rest satisfied that Peel's commercial policy will become the law of the land. There will be wrangling, there will be delay, but there will not, cannot be defeat. The events of the last few days show that the House of Lords will swallow the pill; with wry faces, it may be, like children taking medicine, but they will gulp it down, from a conviction of its necessity—combined, probably, with a conviction equally strong, that they will be *made* to do so should they turn restive.

Some fears have been expressed that Lord Stanley would lead the Protectionist forlorn hope in the House of Peers. He is a wayward, imprudent man, with strong nerves, a good deal of showy talent, and

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0849.jpg